**THE OUTPOST **

VOL 1

Ludlow Barracks, P. I., Saturday, June 10, 1911

NO 37

LOCALS.

Word was received on Friday last from the Department Commander, Brigadier General John J. Pershing, stating that he would not be present at Ludlow Barracks for the annual inspection, as he had previously announced.

Major Robert S. Smith of the Pay Department ar rived at this post for the payment of the troops on Thursday of last week and left on Wednesday of this week.

Major George W. Read, Inspector General of this Department, completed his inspection on Tuesday and left Ludlow Barracks that same day.

Colonel Charles Richard of the Medical Corps, who accompanied the Inspector General on his tour of inspection also left this post on Tuesday.

Troops from Malabang

and Cotabato.

One battalion of the Third Infantry, in command of Captain Rusell C. Langdon, arrived at Ludlow Barracks from Malabang on Thursday of last week to participate in the field maneuvers which form a part of the annual inspection. The next day brought a battalion of Philippine Scouts from Cotabato, in command of Captain Junius I. Boyle. Three companies of the Third Infantry left on Tuesday and one on Wednesday for their station at Malabang. The battalion of Scouts will alse leave in the near future.

Officers Meet.

Immediately following the review on Monday morning, Colonel Young directed all the officers to meet at headquarters for the purpose of discussing the problems that had been carried out during the recent maneuvers. Comments were made by the Inspector General, Major Read, Lieutenant-Colonel Noyes, Major Parmerter, Major Ferguson, Major Rose, and by Captain Langdon of the Third Infantry. All agreed in the opinion that these field maneuvers are of great practical benefit to both the officers and entisted men. They familiarize all concerned with conditions and needs approximating those of field service in time of war and necessarily lead to a higher degree of proficiency.

Transferred to the Warren.

First Lieutenant Philip Powers of the Twenty-First Infantry has been relieved from duty as quartermaster and commissary of the transport Liscum and has been ordered to assume the duties pertaining to these offices on the Warren.

Once in Two Years.

Owing to the fact that some people were taking undue advantage of the privileges heretofore accorded for taking the interisland trips, it has been deemed necessary to restrict it in the future. Hereafter no one entitled to the privileges of travel on the transports, will be allowed to make the southern island trip for observation and pleasure more than once in two years, and persons in the provinces will be permitted to make the trip to Manila for pleasure or business, not more than once a year.

"No Word of Welcome."

At the meeting in the Old Fort on Sunday evening, the Chaplain will relate the story of the song by A. Oscar Browne entitled "NO WORD OF WELCOME." It is the story of a young man in a small Illinois town who won the forgiveness and compassion of his father through a song.

The meeting will be open to all. There will also be a short service on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

RETURNS ON THE SEWARD.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Davies, who were recently married in Manila, arrived at Ludlow Barracks on the Seward last Thursday. The happy bride and groom were accorded a very cordial welcome upon their arrival at this post.

Mrs. Sayer and her daughter returned from Manila on Thursday after an absence of two weeks. Mrs. Mulhall, mother of Mrs. Sayer accompanied them having recently arrived from the United States for an extended visit in the Philippine Islands.

Troops Reviewed.

A review of all troops at this post took place on the South Parade on Monday morning. The formation in line was in the following order: Twenty-First U. S. Infantry, one battalion Third Infantry, one battalion of Philippine Scouts, Hospital Corps, and the Machine Gun Platoon of the Twenty-First Infantry. It is estimated that some twelve hundred men were in line.

"AS YOU WERE SAYING."

BY JOHN EDWARD RUSSELL.

When you feel you hate the other feller so bad that you've just got to get it off your chest you have a choice of two ways.

One is—go out and tell it to the ground hogs.

Then forget it right away.

The other is—go out and tell it to him.

In which case forget it as soon as you're able to sit up and take liquid nourishment.

If you've got a real grievance work it out or fight it out.

Don't whine it out in a knock.

A knock is sure enough boomerang.

It'll sail back some day and clip you alongside the ear, and you'll feel hurt and sore and discouraged, and call the world hard names, and cuss the treacherous cuss who won't come out in the open and fight fair.

Which same is yourself.

When you see a chance to swing a hammer, when you itch to swing the hammer, when you must swing the hammer—just climb up on the barn, and do that job of shingling you've been putting off.

The Lord loveth a cheerful knock—at his own shingles.

He who knocks is knocked, and the knocker sows the seed of his own exceeding great reward.

Hell loves a knocker.

That's because it's full of 'em.

Pa Grout, who runs the grocery in our town, says he clipped this out of the *Gehenna Weekly Gazette*, printed on asbestos every Friday:

The Sioux he slings his tomahawk, the Chink's a hatchet man,

The Malay loves his snickersnee, and sinks it when he can:

The red Apache roasts his foe with joyous yell and yammer,

But no device has half the spice of slaying with the hammer.

The Frenchman spits his squirming prey upon a slender foil,

The Polynesian fats him up and serves him brown in oil,

The Burman blows him from a gun, packed down with wad and rammer,

But knockers say the choicest way is—slay him with the hammer.

You take him when he trusts you, and he sees no no danger near,

You get him when he's smiling, and he has no cause to fear;

You do your work with loving skill, and laugh to hear him stammer,

"A friend did this—a friend, I wis, has slain me with the hammer."

We folks get real scornful about knife play. Stabbing a man in the back in a dark alley when his feet and hands are tied is sweet and gentle to some tricks a knocker pulls off.

A knock is the meanest weapon known, and sometimes the deadliest.

But be joyful; it is also the heaviest on recoil.

If you can't say anything good about a feller when his name comes up, swallow your tongue.

And don't grin and wiggle your eyebrows, either. You can damn a man with a sneer.

It's in nature for a square man to think worse of a knocker than he does of the feller the knocker is knocking.

On the principle that the skunk is worse than the woodchuck he's trying to be patter.

A lad who carries a knock is only a secondhand knocker, and just that much smaller and cheaper.

A secondhand knocker lacks the advantage of feeling that the knock is his own goods, being handled out of pure spite and cussedness.

Nobody ever made capital by floating a knock, nor yet by taking stock in it, nor yet by quoting it.

The boss don't want to hear from Brown that Jones is soldiering on the job. He knows it.

Else he wouldn't be the boss.

He'll attend to Jones.

He'll also attend to Brown.

The man who spends his time cooking up bitterness over the other lad's failings is usually pretty much of a failure himself.

While he's waiting for his neighbor to slip up so's he can spread the joyful tidings, he don't notice the juicy banana peel just under his own heel.

Not till he lands on the sidewalk.

Zowie!

A knock is such an easy thing to start. It's easier yet to pass along, growing bigger on the way. And when it lands it can make such a smash of misery for all concerned!

Not every one can take the game the way Pa Grour did when Lafe Jefferson tried it on him. Lafe came in the store one day, snaking his neck around to make sure no one was about.

"Pa," he says, confidential-like, and sliding around the counter, "I was jest down to the post office."

"Ah-um," says Pa.

"And I heard a feller allow that is, your name was brung up, d'y' see? And one feller he said—lowdown, ornery thing to say, I call it—he allowed as what—'"

"Hold on," says Pa, raising a hand. "I know what he said. I'm the contrariest, cantankerousest, old skinflint in the hull county. I'd steal my grandmother's bonnet ribbons for shoe strings, and her false teeth for a dental-paste ad. I'm so mean I sleep on the floor to save the mattress. I grow boils so's I needn't wear a collar, and I skim the well water before I put it in the milk. I'd tell you the rest, only I'm too busy."

(Continued on page seven.)

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REGIMENTAL NOTES.

BAND.

Cook Strait, better known as "Spike" will be discharged today. He intends re-enlisting for the Band tomorrow.

Corporal Lynch has for sale all kinds of articles from a pin up to an automobile. If you want to buy and haven't the money why jaw bone will do.

"Pop" Leverich is still holding down his bunk. He has worn out two mattresses in the last three weeks.

COMPANY C.

Sergeant Hackworth, who hurt his leg several weeks ago, is able to get around on crutches and expects to go for duty in a few days.

Private Hoy will soon lose his job as overseer on the Suez Canal.

Private Givens received word that he was left \$35,000 by one of his relatives. He intends purchasing his discharge and take Amos with him to Big Stone Gap, Virginia, where they will buy a farm and any time that Pete Kelley wishes to go hunting they will turn the farm over to him.

Sergeant Wheeler was disappointed because he didn't get the job as Provost Sergeant.

Tim Finerty, who retires in about a year, expects to start a hand ball alley in Fitzgerald's court at Denver.

Sergeant Green says if he had been allowed to take windage he would have made expert rifleman and Sergeant Waite also would have made the team if he hadn't gone up in the air.

If corporal Norris had received his glasses in time in Manila he would have made the Department team.

THE DISTURBER.

COMPANY D.

Sergeant Miller left on the Seward for Zamboanga where he has been detailed on special duty.

Private Bartlett, clerk for the Inspector General, stopped with the company while the Inspector was at Ludiow Barracks.

Private Malloy was appointed corporal on Thursday.

COMPANY H.

Private Harp was confined to the hospital this week.

Private Walpole, had a mule for a mate, To teach it to count, he used bait, He threw on the floor Some oats, saying twice four, And that old jar head certainly ate (eight.) A recruit who thinks he's a few, Because he knows his general orders through. Was heard several times to say, I didn't ask you Dolly Gray, Now I leave it to you, to guess who.

COMPANY G.

Private Shay was confined to the hospital the past week.

Private Rowley re-enlisted for the company last Thursday.

COMPANY K.

Corporal May is on the sick list.

COMPANY L.

Artificer Posner and Private Chambers returned to duty from sick in the hospital this week.

Private Huffman was confined to the hospital last week.

Corporal Angel while in Polloc has improved much as his cough doesn't seem so bad while in a dry climate.

Goes to the Twelfth.

Captain Robert W. Rose has been informed this week of his promotion to the rank of Major and of his assignment to the Twelfth Infantry. He will leave Ludlow Barracks in the near future to join his new regiment stationed at Fort McKinley.

Burning Towns.

Mexican rebels are burning towns throughout the northern part of Mexico and killing Chinese.

III With Typhoid Fever.

Major Buffington has been reported ill with typhoid fever at Nagasaki, Japan. The Major was on a three month's leave of absence and was taking a pleasure trip through Japan with Mrs. Buffington and their daughter Margaret. THE OUTPOST hopes for a speedy recovery.

Last of the Shakespeares.

A man bearing the name of William Shakespeare and claiming to be the last lineal descendant of the great poet is living in Warwickshire, England. where he supports himself by cultivating a garden on the borders of the Forest of Arden and selling and cabbages in surrounding the villages. The last descendant of Shakespeare was supposed to have been the wife of Sir John Barnard, who died at Abingdon in 1669, and lies buried there. She was a granddaughter of the poet and has been described for many years as the last of the family. As Shakespeare left no sons it is difficult to understand how the Warwickshire gardener can bear the name, unless he is descended from some other branch of the family.

THE OUTPOST

A WEEKLY PAPER

Published by PETER WEAVER, 21st Infantry.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1911

MITHEN a great ruler of a great nation speaks in hisofficial capacity on a great subject, it is well to pause and listen. When that great ruler happens to be a military man at the head of a great military nation, and speaks to men in the military profession on a subject of vital importance pertaining to that profession it is especially important that those who are in the military profession, should pause and ponder his words. Outpost therefore takes pleasure in publishing the following address, believing that in so doing we are rendering a service that will be far reaching in its results and that will be appreciated by every man who is sincerely interested in his military profession. It is an address delivered by the German Emperor, not long ago at the Naval School in Nurvik. He speaks as follows:

"Another little warning will I give you in passing, concerning a matter which lies very much on my heart for the German people. It is the question of alcohol and drinking. I know very well that the love of drink is an old heritage of the German people. Yet we must henceforth free ourselves in every relation of life from this evil by self-discipline. I can assure you that in my twenty-two years of rule I have observed that of the great mass of crime which comes before me for adjudication, nine-tenths can be traced to alcohol. In earlier times it passed as extremely good form and clever for young people to take and carry a great quantity of drink. As a young officer I had, without participating, opportunity to see examples of this thing. But these are earlier opinions—suited for the 'Thirty Years' War,' not for the present.

"Wholly apart from other consequences which I do not need to describe further. I will call your attention in the first instance to a point in reference to your future calling. vou vourselves will observe in vour later life on board ship, the service in my navy has reached a point of strenuousness which can hardly be surpassed. To be able to go through these tremendous efforts in time of peace without exhaustion, so that you may be fresh for the real moment, depends on yourselves. The coming war and the coming sea-encounter will require sound nerves. It will be decided by nerves. These are undermined by alcohol and endangered by the use of alcohol from youth up. You will have opportunity later of seeing the target ships and the action of modern artillery on them and will be able to draw for yourselves a picture of how things go in battle. You will see hideous devastation when that time comes, and all kinds of sights. Then the call will be, "Strong nerves and a cool head.' Those nations which drink the least alcohol will win the day. And that should mean you, gentlemen. And through you the crews should be given an example, for example works best among men.

"Consequently I expect of you that from now on, whether in the marine academy or on board, in all your social life and friendly gatherings, you should observe and see to it that the drinking of alcoholic drinks is not to be considered as one of your privil-There are Good Templar eges. Lodges and Blue Cross Unions started or already formed. Some officers and a few hundred men have entered them. I hope you will all do what you can to help the enlisted men to join these unions. I need only to call attention to those of the English navy which already number twenty thousand men and officers, to the great advantage of that navy. It is a coming question for our navy and our nation. If you educate the people to abandon alcoholic drink I shall have healthy and reasonable subjects. It is a great question of the future, for the men who leave the service will carry these ideas into the country at large. If you stand for these principles my people will be raised morally. work in which I may beg you to take part."

THESE words are bound to have a telling effect upon the German army, the German people, and the cause of temperance generally. That there is a growing sentiment against the use of alcohol in the English army and navy, is evident from the many thousands who are numbered among

the total abstainers and who have united with the Good Templar Lodges and the Blue Cross Unions. That the sentiment is growing in Germany appears from the fact that at the naval stations of Kiel. Wilhelmshaven, Murvik, Danzig, and Kuxhaven. Friedrichsort, alcohol consumption has decreased eight per cent in 1906, twelve per cent in 1907, nineteen per cent in 1908, and thirty per cent in 1909, with corresponding reductions in arrests and various alcohol-caused diseases. If the Kaiser's words are true that "sound nerves" will decide the battles of the future—that "those nations which drink the least alcohol" will win the day—and that "sound nerves are undermined by alcohol and endangered by its use from youth up," then the logical conclusion is, that abstinence from alcoholic beverages also in the United States Army is a consummation devoutly to be wished. A high state of proficiency demands it.

The Emperor's words were appropriately addressed, not primarily to enlisted men, but to officers. Let the officers set the example and take the lead and the enlisted men will soon fall in line.

The enlisted men generally may be trusted to follow their officers along these lines of moral uplift as well as on the field of battle.

Office Hours of the

Parang Post Office. Regular days, 8:00 n. m.—12:00 m.

1:15 p. m. —4:15 p. m.

Saturdays, 8:00 a. m.—12:00 m. 1.00—2.00 p. m.

Registry and Money Order business closes fifteen minutes earlier.

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O. D. WARD, Postmaster.

* * THE POST EXCHANGE *

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One Quart - Twenty cents.

One Gallon - Eighty cents

Please bring along some kind of dish to put them in as the Exchange has nothing suitable.

🧈 🧈 THE POST EXCHANGE 🎿 🚜

The Night Attack.

BY CHARLES C. JONES,

Swooping shoreward, widely wheeling, As the sheering sea-gulls fly, In the night the foe came stealing Through the silence of the sky; Death was caged in that they flung us, And we heard his thunders pealing, As they dropped their bombs among us, From on high!

We were not expecting battle-Least of all from where it broke! Midst the rolling roar and rattle Of the bursting shells came smoke Breathing acrid gas that smothers, Numbering senses ere we spoke! Dazed and witless all, my brothers Stumbled forth into that hell-Like a heap of slaughtered cattle They like yonder where they fell! Dead or dying, all the others, Only I am left to tell!

Swooping seaward, wldely wheeling, As the sheering sea gulls do, Went the foeman, homeward stealing, Through the trackless, taintless blue;

Black against the skies of morning-They that set the thunders pealing, But the dead, that had no warning, Never knew!

"AS YOU WERE SAYING."

(Continued from page two.)

Lafe drew off, some offended. "Oh, all right," he says, snappish: "if you don't want to know what folks is sayin' about you, all right. I thought I could be of some use in a friendly way."

"Why, yes," says Pa looking over his spees. "you might pass through the back of the store on your way out."

"What for?" asks Lafe.

"Why, I'm makin' some prime vinegar in there," says Pa. "and the wine's tarnation slow a-sourin'."

Let the merry anvils ring-but keep out of the chorus yourself. The lads who make up the chorus are usually pretty small potatoes.

Is that where you belong? The glad hand is mightier than the hammer. Where is that feller who used to knock everybody? Grubbing along somewhere, without a friend. Still knocking. And knocked.

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